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01x03 - No Bris, No Shirt, No Service

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FADE IN: EXT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Couples are arriving. We follow them up the front walk.

MICHAEL [VO]

About a week after their baby was born--thanks in part to the invaluable contribution of Brian Kinney--Lindsay and Melanie had a party. They invited a herd of their nearest and dearest lesbians...

Smiling, Michael walks up in a suit, holding a camera.

MICHAEL [VO]

...assorted relatives and us ... friends of the father, to their house. It was really nice. The smell of bread baking, and fresh flowers everywhere you look.

At the door, we see Lindsay holding Gus with Melanie at her side. Michael walks up for cheek kisses.

LINDSAY AND MELANIE

Mikey!

Making a goofy face, Michael jiggles Gus's toes, then kisses his forehead.

MICHAEL [VO]

Not like going to one of my friends' places with the smell of dirty laundry and stacks of porn tapes everywhere you look.

MICHAEL

I'm scaring him, I'm going to go inside.

Melanie laughs.

MELANIE

Okay, we'll see you inside.

Michael moves inside, pausing to look back.

MICHAEL [VO]

Seeing them in their beautiful home with their new baby and their arms around each other, I wished for a moment that I, too, could be a l*sbian. But then I remembered I'd have to eat p*ssy so I said forget it.

Michael shudders. Walking further into the house, he's greeted by guests who obviously know him. A MAN walks by, shaking his hand.

MAN

Hey, Michael. How ya doing?

A large WOMAN spots him.

WOMAN

Michael.

MICHAEL

Oh, hi.

She hugs him tightly. His eyes bug out, laughing when she finally releases him. He continues through the crowd, nodding to men, hugging and kissing the cheeks of women.

MICHAEL [VO]

Still, being there that day, I realized how different men and women are. And I don't think it has anything to do with being g*y or straight. It's that, the way I see it, women know how to commit to each other, men don't. At least, not the men I know.

Coming to the buffet, we see Emmett--arms raised high at spotting Michael--and Ted. Emmett kisses Michael's temple and says something quietly, Ted hugs him. Over Emmett's shoulder, we catch a glimpse of an Oriental young man watching.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

TED

Where ya been?

MICHAEL [VO]

But I'm jumping ahead. Let's go back an hour.

Flash of light and we're suddenly rewinding out through the house, in a car going down the road, down a sidewalk, into World Gym and up the stairs.

CUT TO: INT. WORLD GYM - DAY

On his back, Brian is doing dumbbell flies. Michael is sitting on the bench next to him in his suit. Brian sits up.

BRIAN

I told you. I'm not going to the Muncher's brunch.

Brian drops the weights.

BRIAN

And that's final.

MICHAEL

Look, it's not for them. It's for your son.

Brian scoffs as he picks up a smaller weight and starts doing curls.

BRIAN

My son. He's only my son when they want my money.

MICHAEL

So why punish him by not going?

BRIAN

Look, it's not as if he's gonna know I'm not there.

MICHAEL

Can't be sure. I read some place--

BRIAN

Where, Marvel Comics?

MICHAEL

That infants respond to things even when still in the womb.

Brian pauses to listen, lowering the weights.

MICHAEL

Like, for instance, tension and discord affect them adversely, while playing Mozart and stuff like that makes them super smart.

Brian laughs.

BRIAN

Well, how do you think listening to the sound of two d*kes go down on each other for the past nine months has affected him? Christ.

Brian drops the weight and walks away. Michael follows.

BRIAN

He'll probably grow up to be straight.

MICHAEL

All the more reason why he needs his dad.

INT: STEAM ROOM

Towel around his waist, Brian walks in. Michael is on his heels, but quickly loses Brian in the steam.

MICHAEL

Stop acting like a-- Where the hell are you? Like a child, and... [beat] Brian? Jesus Christ, it's like a hundred and fifty f*cking degrees in here.

We see Brian come around a corner, rubbing his right shoulder. He stops when he sees a seated GYM BUNNY, eyes closed. Brian starts stroking himself under his towel. Behind him, Michael finds him.

MICHAEL

There you are.

Brian looks over at him, agitated.

BRIAN

What?

MICHAEL

Well, I was just about to say I think you should...

We see Gym Bunny stroking himself.

MICHAEL

...rise to the occasion. You know, be ... bigger than they are. That is if you can take your hand and your mind off your d*ck long enough. [re: the heat] Jesus!

Michael wipes his forehead with his arm. Brian is again facing Gym Bunny.

BRIAN

I-I've got m-more important things to do. Now, why don't you get out of here before your mousse melts.

Brian and Gym Bunny are still stroking. Michael wipes his face with his tie.

MICHAEL

And if anybody should ask where you are?

Gym Bunny invites Brian to join him with a glance at the bench beside him. Impatient with Michael, Brian rolls his eyes.

BRIAN

Just tell them the usual.

Brian whips his towel off and tosses it back at Michael, who catches it against his face. Brian grins.

BRIAN

Something came up.

CUT TO: INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

We follow Melanie among the guests as she takes video of the party.

MELANIE

Smile! Oh, that's so beautiful.

Swinging down to the couch, we see Lindsay who's holding Gus, sitting next to AUNT SHIRLEY on one side and a YOUNG WOMAN on the other.

MELANIE

Aunt Shirley, say something. Come on, I can't believe you're at a loss for words.

Cut to the video camera's POV. At the top of the screen: three of four bars of battery life / 317 min / REC 0:11:28

AUNT SHIRLEY

I'm thrilled for you both. And such a lucky boy to have two mothers. What's he need a father for, anyway? Your Uncle Ben was a lousy father. Never had any time for the family, always chasing women. You're better off being lesbians because ... well, take it from me, a stiff prick knows no conscience.

Melanie and Lindsay laugh. Young Woman rolls her eyes.

MELANIE

Oh god.

INT. BUFFET TABLE

Michael, Emmett and Ted standing at the table, eating. The Oriental boy from earlier, KATSUO, is still at Emmett's side.

EMMETT

Isn't he gorgeous? His name's Katsuo.

Katsuo holds up a glass of juice.

KATSUO

Jews?

EMMETT

No, no. No.

Points at the guests.

EMMETT

Jews.

Points at the glass.

EMMETT

Juice. Okay. [to Michael] He gives Pacific Rim a whole new meaning.

MICHAEL

Where'd ya find him?

EMMETT

He found me. I was having drinks in the Lizard Lounge and he comes over, starts chattering away. Only, he doesn't speak any English and the only Japanese I know is Sony and Toyota.

MICHAEL

So, how do you communicate with him?

EMMETT

There's other ways than talking.

TED

We all know it's not polite to talk with your mouth full.

Emmett grins.

EMMETT

Hmm.

Katsuo taps Emmett on the shoulder and speaks some agitated Japanese.

EMMETT

It's called corned beef, sweetie. It's a Jewish delicacy. Okay.

MICHAEL

So what do you suppose he's actually saying?

EMMETT

What's it matter? We're in love, love, love.

Emmett kisses Katsuo, who just looks lost.

EMMETT

I'm gonna wash my hands.

Emmett leaves, leaving Katsuo with Michael and Ted. Voice rising, Katsuo again speaks.

KATSUO

Kane. Kane.

They have no idea.

TED

Yeah, okay, all right. Let's go ask Melanie. She's fluent in sushi.

Ted and Michael lead the way, Ted gesturing for Katsuo to follow.

TED

Come, come, come, come.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Chuckling, Melanie is filming Young Woman posing.

MELANIE

Okay, have a bagel.

Ted taps her shoulder and we get the video camera's POV.

TED

Hi, Mel.

He holds both hands up, grinning.

TED

Okay, cut! Great.

Back to regular POV.

TED

Look, we need you to translate. [loud and slow to Katsuo] Talk to Mel-an-ie. Melanie speak all axis powers.

Ted walks away. Katsuo talks to Melanie as we see her look surprised, then suppress a smile.

MICHAEL

He keeps saying kane.

Melanie pulls Michael away.

MELANIE

Yeah. Kane means money. He's saying he expects Emmett to pay him.

MICHAEL

For what?

MELANIE

He's a g*dd*mn male prost*tute.

They both laugh.

MICHAEL

Oh, sh*t!

Emmett returns and goes over to Katsuo, who immediately demands his money again.

EMMETT

Kane. Kane. Sweetie.

MICHAEL

Melanie says ... kane means ... love. He says he loves your voice. It's like a silent windchime and that your smile is like cherry blossoms floating on a still breeze.

Katsuo watches the exchange, hopeful. Emmett takes his hand.

EMMETT

That-that is ... that is the most beautiful thing that anyone has ever said to me.

Lindsay walks in holding Gus, Melanie behind her.

MICHAEL

Oh, here he is. Can I hold him?

LINDSAY

It's almost time for the ceremony. Where's Brian?

MICHAEL

He couldn't make it. He said to tell you that, uh--

MELANIE

Something came up. I can guess what.

An older man, RABBI PROTESH, joins them.

RABBI PROTESH

Shall we begin?

LINDSAY

This is Rabbi Protesh. He'll be doing the bris.

EMMETT

Oh, I love pot roast.

TED

That's brisket. I believe, in the Jewish faith, a bris is a circumcision ceremony.

RABBI PROTESH

That's correct. First I give the boy child a little wine. Then I say a prayer or two. Then I take my scalpel and I remove his foreskin.

Emmett faints.

CUT TO: EXT. A HOUSE - DAY

A toy boat cruising in a pool. Pull back to see Justin and Daphne sitting on a diving board. Justin, pants rolled up, has his feet in the water. Daphne, legs crossed, is holding the boat remote control.

JUSTIN

He said that's all I was to him. Just a f*ck.

DAPHNE

That's a shitty thing to say.

JUSTIN

And that he doesn't want to see me anymore.

Daphne sets down the remote control. Justin takes a puff of his cigarette.

DAPHNE

When my last boyfriend dumped me, I didn't hang around feeling sorry for myself. I went out and got a new one.

JUSTIN

When did you have a boyfriend? Third grade?

He hands her his cigarette.

DAPHNE

Last summer.

JUSTIN

You never told me.

DAPHNE

'I'm telling you now.' You should have seen how jealous he got. You can do the same thing. Show that Brian. Go back down there tonight. Pick up some hot hunky guy. You're not exactly a troll, you know.

JUSTIN

Would you come with me?

Daphne makes a face and laughs.

DAPHNE

What if some lesbo tries to pick me up? I wouldn't know what to do. Although I like Melissa Etheridge a lot. Think that means anything?

They laugh.

JUSTIN

Maybe.

DAPHNE

Jesus!

Daphne pushes Justin into the pool.

CUT TO: INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Looking up at the camera, we see a crowd has gathered around Emmett.

MICHAEL

What if he had a heart attack? I mean, I read some place that sometimes people have weak hearts and they don't know that--

TED

He just fainted.

An old man, ARNOLD, pushes his way through the crowd.

ARNOLD

Let me through! I'm-I'm a doctor.

His wife, ESTELLE, appears at his side.

ESTELLE

What do you know about fainting? You're a retired podiatrist.

ARNOLD

What, you don't think anyone ever fainted in my office?

ESTELLE

From a corn?

ARNOLD

Stand back. Give him some room.

We switch angles and see Emmett laid out on a chair, out cold.

ARNOLD

Does anybody got any, uh, smelling salts?

TED

How 'bout poppers?

LINDSAY

What about horseradish? We have some for the gefilte fish.

ARNOLD

It's worth a shot.

Lindsay retrieves it and a second later, Arnold is holding it under Emmett's nose. Emmett loudly gasps and looks around. The crowd gasps with him and leans back.

EMMETT

What happened?

TED

[whispers] You fainted.

ARNOLD [OS]

Estelle, get some ice. Put it on his forehead.

ESTELLE [OS]

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Rabbi Protesh elbows his way to Lindsay.

RABBI PROTESH

I don't mean to hurry things along, but ... I'm doing twins at three.

The crowd disperses, leaving Katsuo crouched at Emmett's side.

EMMETT

[to the air] No, I'll be fine. Really.

Grinning, Katsuo says something in Japanese.

CUT TO: INT. WORLD GYM - DAY

Locker room. We follow the camera around some buff guys and over an aisle to Brian's locker where he's buttoning his shirt. Gym Bunny, ready to leave, walks over and pushes a paper into Brian's pants pocket.

GYM BUNNY

Hey. Call me sometime, huh?

BRIAN

[flatly] Sure ... buddy.

A cell phone rings. Brian picks it up out of his locker. He looks at the caller I.D. before looking amused and answering.

BRIAN

[drawls] How's the party?

SPLIT SCREEN:

Brian at the gym.

Michael at the bris.

MICHAEL

[urgent] You better get your a*s over here fast.

BRIAN

Why? With all those bull d*kes around, is there a shortage of bottoms?

MICHAEL

No. I--remember Lindsay and Melanie's invitation, the part that was in Hebrew? I just found out what that means.

CUT TO: INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Close-up on a naked Gus in Melanie's arms. As we pull back, we see Lindsay, seated, at her side and everyone else gathered around.

RABBI PROTESH

In every Jewish boy's life, there are three steps to becoming a man. First, his bris. Then his Bar Mitzvah, and finally, his marriage.

We see Katsuo slouched in a chair, playing a video game. Off to the side, Michael and Ted are all but holding up an ill-looking Emmett between them.

RABBI PROTESH [VO]

For thirty-five hundred years, the circumcision ritual has been the fundamental sign of the covenant between God and Israel.

Back to the Rabbi and Melanie.

RABBI PROTESH

Melanie, will you please place your son on his mother's lap?

Melanie does. Gus coos and wiggles. Several guests take photos. The Rabbi picks up his scalpel from a layout of instruments. He flips it open.

Quick rush-shot to a queasy Emmett.

EMMETT

Oh my god. He's really going to do it. Okay, I-I can't, uh--

Emmett looks away.

MICHAEL

Where's Brian?

TED

Looking after the only d*ck that matters. His own.

Shot of Melanie and Lindsay sharing a moment as the Rabbi leans over Gus.

BRIAN [OS]

Excuse me, Rabbi?

Rabbi Protesh looks over. Melanie and Lindsay's heads pop up.

BRIAN [OS]

You two.

We see Brian standing among the crowd, looking pissed.

BRIAN

In the kitchen ... now!

INT. KITCHEN

Brian storms into the kitchen, Melanie livid on his heels. Lindsay lingers at the doorway before joining them.

MELANIE

What the hell do you think you're doing? Barging in here, interrupting a religious ceremony?

BRIAN

You should have asked my permission first.

MELANIE

For what?!

BRIAN

To circumcise my son.

MELANIE

We don't have to ask for permission. We're the parents.

BRIAN

And I'm the biological father, and that gives me more rights than you.

MELANIE

I see someone's been studying his law.

LINDSAY

[to both] Look, this is no time to be having this conversation with a house full of guests.

MELANIE

[to Brian] Yeah, and since when did you start caring about your son? Considering you haven't been to see him once since he was born.

BRIAN

Well, I'm not exactly welcome!

MELANIE

Oh, bullshit! You've been too busy f*cking everything that moves!

LINDSAY

Can we please stop this? [to Brian] Why does it matter to you if Gus is circumcised?

BRIAN

It matters that he's been in this world less than a week and already there are people who won't accept him for the way he is. Who would even mutilate him rather than let him be the way he is. The way he was born. [beat] Well, I'm not going to let that happen.

Tense silence.

RABBI PROTESH [OS]

Excuse me?

They turn to see Rabbi Protesh's head poked in the doorway.

RABBI PROTESH

Uh, shall we proceed?

Brian looks to Lindsay. Lindsay looks to Melanie.

CUT TO: INT. LIBERTY AVENUE DINER - NIGHT

Close-up of a DJ sound system until we follow a waitress over to a booth. Emmett, Katsuo and Brian sit on one side, Michael and Ted on the other.

EMMETT

[to Brian] You really showed those d*kes who's got the low hangers.

MICHAEL

And for once, it was us.

Drinking water, Ted makes a sound of agreement.

Deb rushes by, delivering an order to another table. Brian twists around.

BRIAN

Deb, can we get some service?

DEB

Keep your pants on. At least until you've had dinner.

Brian turns back around. Ted is looking at the menu.

TED

I've always said there's only two reasons to be friends with lesbians. They'll never try to convince you that the only reason you're g*y is that you haven't met the right woman. And, uh, they know how to change a flat.

Everyone but Katsuo laughs.

BRIAN

It wasn't about them. [beat] It was about my son. If I don't look out for him, who will?

MICHAEL

Wow. If you're not careful, you might turn out to be an all right dad in spite of yourself.

Michael lifts his water glass.

MICHAEL

To Brian.

Everyone but Brian raises their own water glass and toasts.

TED AND EMMETT

To Brian.

Out of breath, Deb rushes over, ordering pad out.

DEB

Okay, boys, what'll it be?

EMMETT

Nothing for me, thanks.

DEB

Em, hon, you should try to eat some of your protein off a plate.

Everyone laughs.

EMMETT

I read that, that for every thirty pounds you lose, you gain an entire inch of c*ck.

DEB

So, if you just drop another ninety pounds, you'll have a four inch pecker.

Everyone laughs. Deb air-kisses at Emmett.

DEB

What about the rest of you boys?

They talk over each other. Brian makes a lazy 'nothing' gesture.

MICHAEL

Nothing for me, I'm going right to the gym.

BRIAN

[to Michael] For the ?

TED

Yeah, y'know, I think I'll pass.

KATSUO

Cheeseburger, french fry, chocolate shake, apple pie.

Everyone is stunned.

CUT TO: EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - NIGHT

Shots of the night life. We cut to Brian, Emmett and Katsuo walking down the sidewalk, Ted and Michael behind them.

TED

[to Michael] I just know it tastes good. That's all I care about.

Michael laughs just as a young guy, BLAKE, coming from the opposite direction runs into Ted's arm. Ted looks over his shoulder, still walking. Blake has stopped to stare.

TED

Oh. Sorry.

BLAKE

It's okay.

MICHAEL

Hey, I know that guy. He works out at our gym. Uhhhh ... Blake! I think he likes you.

Michael looks behind them.

TED

Oh, yeah, how can you tell?

MICHAEL

'Cause he's looking back.

Shot of Blake watching them.

TED [OS]

Probably just stretching his neck.

We follow Ted and Michael.

MICHAEL

Will you listen to you?

TED

What?

MICHAEL

Always putting yourself down.

TED

Well, better me than them. I'm gentler.

MICHAEL

Doesn't sound like it. [beat] You know, it is possible that someone could actually like you, you know.

They cross the street.

TED

Yeah, it's possible, however, I'm sure a statistical analysis would reveal that the probability of a guy named Blake, who looks like that, actually liking a guy named Ted, who looks like me, to be in the point zero five percentile. In other words, practically zip. Anyway, I'm sure Brian's more his type.

MICHAEL

How do you know that?

TED

'Cause Brian's everybody's type. That's the reason why he's had everybody.

MICHAEL

Well--

TED

I know, I know. Except for you. Which is kinda weird when you think about it.

MICHAEL

Weird? He's my best friend.

TED

So?

MICHAEL

So, everybody knows you don't have sex with your friends.

TED

Oh, riiiiight. Yeah. Sex is something you only have with complete strangers. Yeah. People you'll never see again unless you just bump into them on the street. But never with someone you might actually give a sh*t about.

Awkward silence. Ted covers by smiling.

TED

Who made up these crazy rules anyway, huh?

MICHAEL

[relieved] Beats me. Let's go have a drink.

TED

Yeah. Or two or three.

Arms around each other, they cross the street toward Woody's.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

A drag queen walks by. Michael nods at him.

MICHAEL

Hey.

We follow the drag queen back across the street until we're dropped off at Justin and Daphne walking down the sidewalk. Daphne's jaw drops as the drag queen goes by and she points.

DAPHNE

Oh my god! Look at that! Is it a girl or a boy?

Laughing and embarrassed, Justin pushes her hand down.

JUSTIN

Jesus! Don't point. No matter what you see. Guys kissing guys. Girls kissing girls.

DAPHNE

Well, what if I see a guy and a girl kissing, huh? That would be something different down here. And stop acting like you're so experienced.

Justin snorts.

JUSTIN

More than you.

They cross the street to Woody's as we stay on the sidewalk.

JUSTIN

Don't forget what I said.

DAPHNE

If I see him, pretend I didn't.

JUSTIN

Don't even look. That is, if he's there, which he's probably not. But if he is, don't look.

CUT TO: INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lindsay and Melanie walk into the kitchen, carrying serving platters of leftovers.

LINDSAY

Should I freeze this or toss it?

Melanie slams her platter down on the counter and walks away.

LINDSAY

I'd rather not have it around while I'm trying to get back into shape.

Lindsay rubs her head, then follows.

LINDSAY

So, how long is this going to go on? Or do you plan never to speak to me ever again?

Melanie at the buffet table. She slams down the dishes she was picking up.

MELANIE

What would you like me to say?

LINDSAY

Anything.

MELANIE

All right, how about 'I have a house full of uneaten cold cuts and an uncircumcised son.' How's that?

Melanie st*lks back into the kitchen. Lindsay drinks something leftover in a wine glass, makes a face.

LINDSAY

Oh.

She joins Melanie.

LINDSAY

Look. Brian's going to take out the insurance policy. At least he's agreed to do that. That's something, isn't it?

MELANIE

Oh, my consolation prize!

LINDSAY

It was important enough to you last week.

Melanie starts slamming around in drawers and cupboards, hunting.

MELANIE

So was this afternoon. But now I have been humiliated in front of our friends, my relatives, Rabbi Protesh. Where's the g*dd*mn plastic wrap?

Lindsay hands it to her.

MELANIE

And you let him do it.

LINDSAY

Me?

MELANIE

You're the one who decided to call off the bris. Of course, I know it's not very important to you or Brian, but it happens to be a very important ritual in my family.

LINDSAY

You know, there are a lot of men who think circumcision is a cruel and barbaric practice?

MELANIE

I don't care what men think about their dicks! I care that you put Brian before me. But, you know, why should I be surprised. You always have.

LINDSAY

Oh, for Christ sake, are we really gonna go through this again? I don't wanna have this conversation.

MELANIE

Yeah, and I didn't want Brian be the baby's father in the first place. But, no, you had to have it your way. It had to be Brian or no one. So now he's a part of our lives forever. Whether we like it or not.

CUT TO: INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

Brian is playing pool, leaning over for a shot. A HOTTIE walks by, trailing his hand over Brian's lower back. Turning to look, Brian is interested.

BRIAN

Oh-kay. Well, I know what I'm doing tonight.

Brian walks further down the pool table and we see Emmett, Michael and Ted holding up the wall. Michael has a pool cue.

BRIAN

What about the rest of you?

INT. OTHER SIDE OF WOODY'S

Vic is carrying two beers over to a bar-table where Deb sits.

INT. POOL TABLE

Michael spots Vic and Deb.

MICHAEL

Ah, sh*t!

EMMETT

What, honey?

Katsuo, pressed against Emmett, eats the olive out of Emmett's drink.

MICHAEL

My mom's here with my Uncle Vic. She didn't tell me she was going to come here.

BRIAN

Hey, not every boy's lucky enough to have a mother who's equally at home in the kitchen as she is in a g*y bar. Now you behave yourself.

Brian goes to claim Hottie at the bar.

TED

As usual, Brian gets all the beauties while we get to watch.

EMMETT

He hasn't gotten him yet.

MICHAEL

He will. He's got the walk. He's got the talk. He's got the tattoo.

EMMETT

Brian's got a ta ... where's Brian got a tattoo?

TED

In a place you'll never see.

Walking around the table for his shot, Michael's eyes go from Vic and Deb over to the door where he sees Justin and Daphne arrive.

MICHAEL

Double sh*t!

TED

What now?

MICHAEL

It's him! Our teen stalker. Christ, why won't he just go away?

INT. DEB'S TABLE

Justin walks up, Daphne behind him.

JUSTIN

Remember me?

DEB

Turn around.

Looking unsure, Justin does.

DEB

I never forget a butt.

She lifts the back of his shirt to see.

DEB

Especially a cute one.

She and Vic laugh. Justin turns back around.

DEB

Met you in the diner with Michael last week.

JUSTIN

Yeah. I'm Justin. This is Daphne.

DAPHNE

Hi.

DEB

Hi, Daphne.

INT. POOL TABLE

MICHAEL

What's he doing?

TED

Talking to your mom.

MICHAEL

What?!

INT. DEB'S TABLE

Deb spots Michael across the room, waving and pointing to herself to get his attention.

DEB

Whoo!

JUSTIN

You know, I'm actually looking for a friend of Michael's. His name's Brian.

VIC

[sotto voce] Coulda guessed that.

DEB

Honey, everybody's looking for Brian.

JUSTIN

Have you seen him?

Deb points. We see Brian still stalking Hottie at the bar.

DAPHNE

That's Brian? God, he's so old! And skinny. You could do way better than that.

JUSTIN

Would you shut up?

Deb and Vic are watching Brian, who's toasting Hottie.

DEB

Five bucks he nails him before midnight?

VIC

You're on.

INT. THE BAR

Michael walks up to Brian.

MICHAEL

I am not babysitting him again. This time he's all yours.

Brian turns his head to Michael. Over his shoulder, we see Hottie straighten up from the bar.

BRIAN

What?

MICHAEL

He's over there talking to my mother, the little prick.

BRIAN

Leave him alone. He's all right.

MICHAEL

Excuse me? The noise is so loud in here I thought I heard you say he's all right.

Hottie walks away unnoticed. Brian's attention is on Justin in the distance.

BRIAN

In fact ... he's kinda sweet.

MICHAEL

Sweet?! I thought we got rid of him. I thought he was out of our lives.

Grinning and shaking his head, Brian clasps Michael on the shoulder. He turns to look back over his shoulder at Hottie and finds him gone. His face falls.

BRIAN

Where'd he go?

MICHAEL

Who?!

BRIAN

Who do you think? sh*t. He's gone. And this is all your fault. You made me look away. f*ck you, Michael.

Brian st*lks away. Michael starts to follow, stopping when Deb walks up.

DEB

What's eating him? Or isn't?

She laughs.

MICHAEL

None of your business.

DEB

You watch your mouth.

MICHAEL

Why do you have to come here?

DEB

Well, Vic was feeling better, so we thought we'd come after my shift and have a drink. What's the big deal?

MICHAEL

The big deal is I came here to hang out with my friends, not my mother.

DEB

Sweetie, you know I approve of your lifestyle.

MICHAEL

Maybe I don't want you to approve. Maybe I want you to go home and cry.

He walks away.
CUT TO: EXT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

Brian coming down the stairs to the sidewalk, looking for Hottie. He jogs out into the street into oncoming traffic. When one car brakes and honks, he purposely walks slowly out of the way. On the opposite sidewalk, he looks around and doesn't see Hottie.

BRIAN

[to himself] f*ck me.

A GUY walks by.

GUY

Love to!

EXT. FRONT OF WOODY'S

Michael comes down the stairs, looking for Brian.

TRACY [OS]

Well, can't we do something else? Mike!

Michael turns and we see Tracy with two girlfriends standing on the sidewalk. Michael's stunned.

MICHAEL

Tracy!

Grinning, she walks over.

TRACY

It is you. Isn't this wild?

MICHAEL

Yeah, really wild.

TRACY

Oh, my friends and I, we thought we'd have a little adventure.

Michael leans around her to wave at the friends.

MICHAEL

Hey.

TRACY

I mean, you always hear about this place, but who ever comes here?

MICHAEL

Not me.

He laughs. Beat.

MICHAEL

Until tonight. I mean, I'm-I'm here with a friend. You know, g*y friend. You know, just a friend. Since high school, actually. We have this, kind of, foreign exchange program. You know, I take him to football games and beer busts, and he takes me to the opera and wine tasting. You know.

TRACY

So, why don't we all go for a drink? Safety in numbers.

MICHAEL

I, uh ... I'm a little beat. I was on my way home.

TRACY

Oh, well. Sounds like a good idea. You know, stick around here too long, you might wind up switching teams.

Michael laughs. Brian appears.

BRIAN

I lost him. f*ck!

MICHAEL

This is my friend. Brian. Brian, this is Tracy.

Brian shakes her hand. Michael gives Brian a hard look.

MICHAEL

Uh, you know ... from the store.

BRIAN

Tracy. Of course. From the store. He talks about you all the time.

TRACY

He does?

BRIAN

I mean all the time.

Michael 'I'm going to k*ll you later' laughs. He grabs Brian's arm and pulls them backwards.

MICHAEL

Okay. Time to go.

BRIAN

What's the rush? She's even prettier than you said ... Mike.

Tracy grins.

BRIAN

You know, he'd never tell you this himself. He's far too shy. He likes you. A lot.

MICHAEL

Well, uh ... I think it's time we took off.

Again Michael walks backwards.

MICHAEL

Uh, bye, Tracy. I'll see you Monday.

Brian finger waves bye. Giddy, Tracy rejoins her friends.

TRACY

Yeah, I'll see you Monday.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Brian at his side, Michael explodes soon as he turns away from Tracy.

MICHAEL

What the f*ck did you do that for? You practically got us engaged.

BRIAN

Well, I wanna dance with the bride at her wedding.

He smacks Michael's a*s, laughing.

BRIAN

And Tracy, too.

Michael winces and shakes his head.

MICHAEL

sh*t.

CUT TO: INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

Justin and Daphne standing at Deb and Vic's table.

JUSTIN

By the way, where'd Michael go?

DEB

What time is it?

She looks at her watch.

DEB

Eleven o'clock?

VIC

Time for Babylon. Night's just starting.

JUSTIN

Well, that's just where we're going.

VIC

You've been there before?

JUSTIN

Sure. A lot.

VIC

Really? I didn't know they had kiddie memberships.

JUSTIN

You have to be a member?

DEB

Can't get in without a card.

VIC [OS]

Here.

Vic in his wallet, pulling out a card.

VIC

You can have mine. I'm through with it.

He hands it to Justin, who grins.

DEB

He's paid his dues.

JUSTIN

Thanks!

CUT TO: EXT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Justin and Daphne at the head of a long line waiting to get inside. A BOUNCER stands in the doorway.

BOUNCER

I.D.?

Justin digs in his right pants pocket and hands it over.

JUSTIN

Right here.

BOUNCER

Born 1952? You look damn good for your age, Vic.

INT. BABYLON

Theme: Cowboys and Cops and Sailors

Shot of a muscled cowboy dancing. We follow Justin and Daphne, holding hands, through dark halls and a chain curtain that leads to the crowded dance floor. They take it all in. Daphne is grinning and swaying to the beat. Justin looks unsure.

JUSTIN

You wanna go?

Daphne flashes him an 'are you crazy?' look.

DAPHNE

What for?

She smiles, looking back out at the dance floor.

DAPHNE

We just got here.

Justin bites the corner of his bottom lip for a second, then leads them into the middle of the crowd.

JUSTIN

All right. Come on.

INT. BATHROOM

Michael behind him, Brian goes from stall to stall, trying to find an open one. All three are locked with couples making out inside. With a frustrated sound, he leans against the middle one and wrings his

hands.

MICHAEL

What would you do if you actually had to go?

Brian directs his answer to the couple in the stall behind him.

BRIAN

Find a scat queen?

Sound of a door unlocking. A beat later, a guy comes out of the stall next to them.

MICHAEL

Gross.

Brian taps Michael's chest for him to go inside, following. He pauses at the stall door to call out to the guy.

BRIAN

Didn't your ma ever teach you to wash your hands?

He slams the stall door closed.

ON THE DOOR:

[big] NO SEX IN BATHROOMS

[smaller] THAT'S WHAT THE COUCHES ARE FOR

INT. BATHROOM STALL

Brian and Michael standing face-to-face. Brian readies a bump of 'trail mix' (usually a mix of Ecstasy and Viagra) in a blue vial, then inhales it. After readying another, he holds it up for Michael.

BRIAN

Careful. It's strong.

Michael inhales. He grins.

MICHAEL

Nice.

They lean their foreheads together, riding the high.

BRIAN

I got it from Tommy Hagger.

MICHAEL

He can get anything. He got me that Superman episode with George Reeves. The only one ever shot in color. So ancient, you could even see the strings. Oh, did I tell you what I got on eBay? A vintage Mego Linda Carter Wonder Woman doll. Mint, in box. Cost me an entire week's salary, but it was so worth it.

They laugh.

BRIAN

Mikey, you are so pathetic.

Michael strokes Brian's bare arm.

MICHAEL

I also got that photo. The one of Patrick Swayze with his shirt off.

BRIAN

Really? It must be all yellow by now. Come stains all over it.

MICHAEL

He's still beautiful.

BRIAN

We owe it all to him. [beat] We should write him a fan letter.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

I did.

Brian pulls back, shocked/impressed.

BRIAN

No. Really? When?

Michael is nodding. We hear couples having sex in the background.

MICHAEL

I--a long time ago.

He laughs.

BRIAN

What did you say?

MICHAEL

I don't remember. 'My friend and I think you're so hot!' He never wrote back.

Brian laughs. He leans their foreheads together again. They close their eyes.

BRIAN

f*ck him. You still got me.

Michael opens his eyes, looking at Brian, before closing them again. They rest together for several beats. Michael squeezes Brian's bicep, then smoothes his palm downward. Close-up on Michael slowly leaning in toward Brian's parted lips. As the kiss lands, Michael slides his hand between Brian's legs. Muffled laughter from Brian, becoming audible as he disengages by simultaneously pulling Michael's hand away and pushing his jaw back from the kiss. Brian stares at a clearly affected Michael.

BRIAN

What are you doing?

Michael laughs to cover.

MICHAEL

Nothing. It must be the trail mix.

Pressing a finger to his lips, Brian is quiet.

BRIAN

Yeah. Must be.

Slaps Michael's shoulder lightly.

BRIAN

Come on. Let's go back.

He leaves our view. Michael remains, watching Brian.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Emmett looking around the crowd. Justin and Daphne walk by and we follow them. Justin points.

JUSTIN

Come on, let's go to the stairs, over there.

They swing to the left and we swing to the right in time to Brian and Michael come out of the bathroom.

BRIAN

Let's check out the bar. Maybe that guy you made me lose is there.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

I didn't make you lose him.

Swish-turn of the camera and Emmett has joined them. He and Michael talk while Brian scans the crowd.

EMMETT

Time to organize a search party.

MICHAEL

Who's missing?

EMMETT

Katsuo. I was talking to Dungeon Master Don--who wants to mummify me, have you noticed that the world's getting weirder? Anyway, I turned around and he was gone.

MICHAEL

I have a feeling he'll be all right.

EMMETT

He doesn't speak a word of English. And-and he's so sweet, so ... innocent. What if some c*ck hungry queen tries to have his way with him?

BRIAN

I thought you already did.

Emmett glares.

MICHAEL

He's around somewhere. I'm sure you'll find him.

EMMETT

[sarcastic] Thanks.

Emmett walks off. Brian watches him go. When he turns back around, he spots Hottie dancing. Hottie grins at him and keeps dancing. Brian smirks.

BRIAN

Target sighted. All systems go. See ya later, Mikey.

He walks off, leaving Michael smiling.

INT. THE BAR

Ted is leaning back against the bar, drink in hand. He calls out to Guy #1 walking by.

TED

Hey, how you doing?

Guy #1 keeps walking.

TED

Good, glad to hear it.

Guy #2 walks by.

TED

Hey, how's it going?

Guy #2 keeps walking.

TED

Ah, no complaints, thanks.

He leans forward to jokingly call after the guy.

TED

Hey, hey, can I buy you a drink?

Michael bounces up and answers him.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'll take a beer.

Hopeful for a second, Ted turns.

TED

Oh, it's you.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

Oh, f*ck you!

They turn toward the bar. As Ted watches, Michael rubs his face, then grins.

TED

What are you on?

MICHAEL

Nothing.

Beat. He leans to Ted's ear.

MICHAEL

A little of Brian's mix.

Ted rolls his eyes, looking disappointed. Michael looks around them.

MICHAEL

Any luck?

TED

Oh, I'm heading for an all-time season record. Eight straight--actually, make that not-so-straight, no-hitters.

Ted is looking down the bar. Michael follows his gaze and sees Blake, who winks.

MICHAEL

Blake just winked at you.

TED

He's got some crystal meth in his eye.

Blake leans further on the bar and winks again.

MICHAEL [OS]

He did it again!

Michael grins at Ted.

MICHAEL

I told you. He likes you. Why don't you just go over and ask him to dance?

TED

'Cause he'll just say 'Come back when you get a hair transplant and some liposuction.'

Michael laughs and puts his arm around Ted.

MICHAEL

You do not need a hair transplant and liposuction. Besides, nobody would be that cruel to you. Except maybe yourself.

Ted finishes his beer.

TED

Yeah, well, I'm gonna take off.

MICHAEL

Come on. It's too early.

TED

Yeah, or too late, depending which side of the dance floor you happen to be standing on.

MICHAEL

Well, maybe you should try going after, you know, someone ... well, like-like you. Not someone...

TED

Young and cute? Thanks.

Ted moves to leave. Michael stops him.

MICHAEL

That's not how I meant it. Hell, I should talk. I can't get anybody interested in me, either.

TED

Yeah, but you could if you wanted. [pause] You're worth so much more than you know, Michael.

Ted leaves.

MICHAEL

I'll call you tomorrow!

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Brian appears, looking around the last place he saw Hottie.

INT. STAIRCASE

Justin points Brian out to Daphne.

JUSTIN

Look. There he is. There's Brian.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Brian and no Hottie to be found.

BRIAN

sh*t!

CUT TO: EXT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Ted walks out of Babylon and down the alley.

BLAKE [OS]

Didn't want to dance?

Ted turns and sees a smiling Blake.

TED

Oh, uh ... yeah, I'm not much of a dancer. Although I-I enjoy dancing. I-I-I didn't realize you were asking, uh...

BLAKE

Taking off?

TED

Yeah. Yeah, you know, sometimes it just, uh ... it, uh, it gets a little ... too, uh...

BLAKE

Intense?

Ted nods.

TED

Intense. That's, uh ... that's a good word.

BLAKE

Yeah, I know what you mean. Sometimes it gets a little too intense in there for me, too.

Nodding, Ted turns and walks away. Blake takes a step after him.

BLAKE

You going home?

Ted pauses and nods and then resumes walking.

BLAKE

Do you want some company?

Ted stops and turns.

TED

Well, you know, it's-it's ... it's a little late. And, uh... [long pause] Sure.

BLAKE

Are you sure?

TED

Sure. I ... I-if you're sure.

Blake laughs.

BLAKE

I'm sure.

Ted babbles a little, then sniffs.

TED

Well, then.

They laugh.

CUT TO: INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Emmett on the dance floor, scanning the crowd for Katsuo. He finally spots him at the bar with a white-haired business man kissing his neck. Emmett st*lks over.

EMMETT

What is the meaning of this?

Katsuo pushes Business Man aside and shakes a $20 bill at Emmett.

KATSUO

Kane. Kane, kane, kane!

Emmett is crushed. Katsuo pulls Business Man back to him, kissing the money and then Business Man. Emmett turns his face away.

CUT TO: INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Phone ringing. Bedside light flicks on and Melanie picks the phone up.

MELANIE

Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN SHOT:

Melanie in bed.

Emmett on the dance floor and pissed off.

EMMETT

How do you say 'tacky little c*ck-sucker' in Japanese?

MELANIE

Do you know what time it is?

Melanie hangs up. The shot expands to just their bedroom as she rolls over. Lindsay is standing by the bed, comforting Gus in her arms.

LINDSAY

It's okay, sweetie. [to Melanie] Who was that?

Melanie sits up.

MELANIE

Emmett. I think he just found out what kane means. I'm sorry it woke you and the baby. I know you need your rest.

LINDSAY

I was up anyway.

MELANIE

You were? So was I. Just thinking about all the terrible things I said.

LINDSAY

No, I should have stood up to him. I should have.

MELANIE

No. I mean, it was best to be practical. I mean, this way Gus...

Shuddering breath.

MELANIE

..how am I ever gonna get used to that name? May keep his foreskin but still be provided for.

Lindsay and Gus sit on the bed. Melanie scoots to hold them from behind.

LINDSAY

Look, it doesn't matter who's right. We can't allow Brian to come between us, as much as he'd like to.

MELANIE

And you know he would.

LINDSAY

Even if he is the father, we're still the parents. You and me. Gus belongs to us. And that's why we had him.

MELANIE

Well, you had him. Aside from saying 'push' and 'breathe' I really didn't have that much to do with it.

LINDSAY

You had everything to do with it. I never would have had him without you.

They kiss. Lindsay strokes Melanie's cheek.

LINDSAY

Just remember that ... next time you're wondering who comes first.

CUT TO: INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Dancing crowd. We pan up to the catwalk where Emmett stands between Michael and Brian. Behind them is a giant TV screen broken up into smaller screens showing the dancing action beneath them.

EMMETT

You know, the worst part is not that he was unfaithful, or even a sl*t. I mean, nobody's perfect. It's that he said he loved me. I mean, he lied to me.

BRIAN

How could he lie to you? He doesn't speak English.

MICHAEL

Look, I'm the one who told you that. I'm sorry.

EMMETT

My own fault. Why do I always give my heart away to trash, huh?

BRIAN

Because you want to see it in the dumpster?

They give him dirty looks.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Hottie dancing.

INT. CATWALK

Brian and Hottie make eye contact. Brian smirks and straightens up.

BRIAN

He's not getting away this time.

He walks down the stairs and into the dancing crowd.

CUT TO: TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted unlocks the door and walks in, flicking the light on. Blake follows. After peeking in and then shutting a door to the left, Ted rejoins Blake.

BLAKE

It's a nice place. You own it?

TED

Oh, absolutely. You know, your home is your most important investment. [pause] It's, uh, what we tell our clients. Do you want, uh, a beer or some scotch?

BLAKE

No, just some water. I don't drink.

TED

Well, uh, take off your jacket. I-I'll, uh, be right back.

Ted goes to the kitchen. He grabs a bottled water and a beer. He fixes his hair in the magnetic mirror on the fridge door, then joins Blake on the couch, handing him the water.

TED

Here you go.

BLAKE

Thanks.

Ted drinks his beer. Blake pours his water into a glass. They look at each other and laugh. Drink some more.

BLAKE

You're sexy, you know that?

TED

Yeah ... frankly, no.

BLAKE

That's why you are.

He squeezes Ted's knee.

BLAKE

Because you don't know you are.

Long pause.

TED

Well, I-I do know ... that you are beautiful.

Blake edges closer. He runs his fingers over Ted's hair. Ted closes his eyes and relaxes. They kiss.

CUT TO: INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Brian swoops in on Hottie, leaning to whisper in his ear.

INT. CATWALK

Michael and Emmett are watching Brian.

EMMETT

b*stard.

MICHAEL

He doesn't even have to try.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Brian and Hottie dancing.

INT. STAIRCASE

Justin and Daphne watching Brian.

DAPHNE

Look, he's got someone.

CUT TO: INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted and Blake making out. Shirtless and laying atop Ted, Blake rubs Ted's crotch, then breaks the kiss to sit up.

BLAKE

Hold it.

TED

You're not going?

Blake grins and kisses him.

BLAKE

No way.

Blake pulls a vial out of his jacket pocket. He pours a clear liquid into the water glass.

TED

What is that?

BLAKE

It's GHB. You ever use it?

TED

Once in a while.

BLAKE

Sex is awesome with it.

He offers the glass.

BLAKE

You first.

TED

Ahh...

Ted takes the glass.

BLAKE

Go on.

Ted toasts him with a click of his tongue. He chugs most of the water before Blake stops him.

BLAKE

Whoa. Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa!

Blake sets the glass down. Ted holds his arms out.

TED

I don't feel anything.

Ted dives for Blake, pushing them backwards and starts kissing again.

CUT TO: INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Brian and Hottie dancing. Brian makes 'come here' fingers to a Muscled Guy a few feet away. Muscle Guy incorporates a 'no no' finger move into his dancing and stays where he is.

INT. CATWALK

EMMETT

He's not! He can't!

MICHAEL

He can.

They watch Brian again wave for Muscle Guy. This time Muscle Guy slowly dances over. Brian leans over to say something in his ear.

EMMETT

How does he do it? What does he say?

MICHAEL

We'll never know. But whatever it is, he says it for all of us.

CUT TO: INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted and Blake making out. Ted pulls away and looks ill.

BLAKE

Hey... Hey, you all right?

Ted waves weakly, barely speaking.

TED

Yeah...

Ted manages to stand up, but is unsteady. After a few head shakes, he reaches out. We see a photo of him with Emmett and Michael taken at Babylon's bar. Ted's eyes roll back in his head and he collapses.

CUT TO: INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Brian dancing with Hottie and Muscled Guy.

INT. STAIRCASE

DAPHNE

Is he gonna do it with both of them?

JUSTIN

He can do anything he wants.

Hand at the top button of his shirt, Justin descends the stairs.

DAPHNE

What are you doing?

Justin walks onto the dance floor, flinging his shirt aside. Glitter starts to fall as he makes his way to Brian. Spotting him, Justin pauses a second before joining a group of twinks to dance near Brian. Justin quickly gains Hottie's attention, and glances over his shoulder several times, grinning. Suddenly

Hottie drifts over to dance with him. Muscled Guy follows a beat later, leaving Brian dancing alone. But only for a second, as Brian turns to face the threesome and keeps dancing, face not amused.

INT. CATWALK

Michael isn't amused either. Emmett grins as he watches below.

EMMETT

What's that boy doing?

CUT TO: INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted is convulsing on the floor, Blake at his side.

BLAKE

Oh god, stop! Oh my god. Stop! Stop. Ted? Oh my god. Ted!

Blake falls back, panicked. Grabbing the vial off the coffee table and his jacket, he runs out.

CUT TO: INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Dance floor. Brian is smirking. Hottie and Muscle Guy have Justin sandwiched between them as they all dance, hands roaming over Justin's bare skin. Brian isn't smirking anymore.

INT. CATWALK

Michael watching.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Justin dancing with the guys.

CUT TO: INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted laying on the floor, eyes open but he's not moving.

CUT TO: INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Justin dancing with the guys--until Brian cuts his arms into the cozy mix and effectively slices Hottie and Muscle Guy off of Justin. Justin claimed, Brian and he dance very closely. Hands on Justin's hips as he arches into the touch, Brian licks Justin's chin.

INT. CATWALK

Watching all this, Michael shakes his head, unhappy.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Justin wraps his arms around Brian's neck. Brian slides down to lick a path up from Justin's chest to his neck. They kiss.

INT. CATWALK

Michael watching.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Brian and Justin kissing.

INT. STAIRCASE

Daphne watching and grinning.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Brian and Justin dancing and grinning. Aerial shot of the crowd, then back as Brian lifts Justin in the air.

INT. CATWALK

Emmett dances himself off-screen. Michael remains leaning on the railing. Behind him, the TV screens break into threes and show Brian and Justin dancing, first looking at each other, then grinning into the camera. The screen dissolves into one large shot of them. We pull in closer toward Michael until the shot is just him and the TV screen shot of Brian.

FADE TO BLACK.

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